

The Master of night

English Poems by *Xuefeng Pan* BSc, MSc, PhD PDF MRF

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He has completed a combined education both in Chinese and western school and universities. He received a bachelor's degree, a master's degree, a doctorate degree, and finished his postdoctoral study in the University of Edinburgh. He has published several books and textbooks as well as almost one hundred articles and reports. In addition, he has compiled a poetic work which is pending to be published. He is settled in New South Wales, Australia.

His Point of View on Poet and Poetry: To be a Poet is neither a profession, nor an identity, poetry is a kind of accomplishment, which should be regarded as a kind of learning.

The Master of night

Lock the door, close the WiFi ,
Telephone and the Internet.
In the dark night
I lay myself in bed

The subconscious of the daytimes
Get released ,and Heaven, land and my desire
All come back into reality,
And ideal evolution of life

For a long time, I have become nostalgia for the night
As if I had become the Lord of the dark
The King of the world

It should be said that
Survival competition is not my strong point
For fighting in the sun,
I always feel cruel and ridiculous
The greedy scramble is just for the sake of reproduction
The gain of wealth and sex
Should be neither holy nor glory

Since I saw the dust rolling over on the earth
I have decided to put my body in the night
And to send my soul to heaven
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How to be a better son

I told my son
What parents dream about?
He'd better open out.
Like the buds open the closed cycle
Enabling the son a sun
That opens the parent's heart window
With a lot of sunshine

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Poor little mosquitoes

At a night in this autumn,
I sat abstemious under a pine
A place where usually belong to me in this university

When my arms and legs felt as numb as electric shocks
I could not help going back to my little office

Under the lamp
I saw many pimples in my arms and legs!

Clearly that they were made by the unnamed mosquitoes!

Oh, those poor little mosquitoes
They were left lonely in the Beijing campus
For such a long summer vacation
They must be hungry extremely!

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Under the moon

When people retreat
Wind will then fill the moonlight into the street
The sound of the crickets heard like flowing water
In this dim night, no one wonders it's in the Swan Lake

I am no doubt a genius

I am no doubt a genius,
As genius as yours
We walk alone in the moonlight
Talking the language of the universe

Our hearts are flattening into the masters
Who are willing to be a common citizen?
We will live this way in the world
Making love around asexually

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Love is a thing that blooms in eyes

Love is a thing that likes to bloom in eyes
No any words can make it to be described
It moves often through heart to heart via eye
Absolutely not from mouth to ear instead

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A Beautiful Mistake

Everybody is walking alone on the road
Only me standing here with barren eyeful
I can hear that they are sing or weeping
Silent, silent only I have to be silent
With this solitary life

I cannot see the reason behind my existing
I seem to have no specific mission,
So, I have to think this is a failing

I can see that everyone is passing aside
I heard also their sound of sing or cry
Silent, silent only I have to look ahead
I guess overall this must be a beautiful mistake instead!

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Ode to the Chinese Haze

How delicate and how fine the dust
Diffusing to everywhere in the country
Making all the cities and villages twilight
Like watching a fairyland legendary

The movements of People in the fog
Like fairies flying in cloud
Laughter can of course be heard without doubt
But not a shadow might be worked out.

I am now more and more able to comprehend
The mystery of this big eastern land

A fairy tale

A Fairy Sings in a Glade
Seeing suddenly the dancing Glare
She becomes Glad
And Glee

Leave me a chance to love you

Leave me a chance to love you
My girl, don't be so hurry to say no
As I was created for some reasons
Which though I don't know, but I felt
That god has already implied me
To love you

Hope is the thing with feathers

Hope is the thing with feathers
Always likes flying in front of your eyes
You are also attracted to her presence
Enjoy listening to her whisper gentle

She will fly to your window in the morning glow
By a beautiful song to tell you this is anew
She will also come to you before a thunderstorm
Reminding you not to miss the rainbow

She always fly around so
Patronize the moment you don't know where to go
She is always so willing to guide
Never betray you through the horizon of life

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Our Love will forever be there

I know that everybody will disappear, My Dear!
There will be no exception with yours and mine
If they indeed fail to always appear

Please still be very sure, my dear,
That our love will forever be there!

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Words Written in the Halloween Night

In this quiet night, all things slept
I stood still in the yard under the sky
I saw the stars, some are twinkling here in the dark
While some are sleeping quietly over there in the light

I knew you, the dead, are allowed to come back
In this defined night for your lives back

If you are not surprised for having a talk
Please tell me the secrets that
Savior knows not yet how could I help
Your loved ones to bypass this Halloween sad?

Trust me! I hope
That someday I could help!

(I made a mistake, I thought it was Halloween yesterday)

Bad Freedom

Loneliness is the greatest freedom, but no one likes it

Excuse me, where to go

I am nobody, probably sure, I am nobody
I cannot prove who am I? and also don't know
where will I go?

What was my destiny and where did I come from
Sure I am nobody, sure, I am nobody
They come and go, needn't me to know

I am passive, sure, have to be passive
Have to accept a piece of shit! That's a fact,
Have to accept, a life along an orbit to roll

Everything freely develops and grows
Which needn't me to know, to feel,

The worries and Happiness left in mind
All they go

I am passive, sure, I am passive
Except a freedom left in my soul
Which wants to know
Where to go! I am on the road!

Excuse me, where is it?

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The Chinese Guanxiology

The notorious Chinese circle of relationships
It has an apparent characteristic (that) can easily be seen
It is a small group of people gathered together
Following a principle of like to like

All cared for their own interests and surviving
Simply like (that) you drop some oil in water
They always automatically hold together
Forming a very stable structure

Which in some sense might also be defined as a "high-tech"
A colloid suspension is formed
It is floating up and down in the society
Making fairness, justice and equal opportunity in no hope

Note: The Guanxiology is created by myself, Guanxiology means
Relationships

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The revelation of a duck couple

In the main campus of University of Wollongong
I saw a duck couple walking side by side
Around them were their kids, a couple of little ducklings
How exciting with this scenery I felt

Which made me know that
Even these wild livings understood what love was like
But why human beings here and there always feel confusing?

Love is not always as romantic as some people expected
Love by a simple companion is an apparent matter of fact
That exists everywhere with all lives

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Invisible You

Here, there and everywhere
I hear you are singing
But can see you nowhere

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Silent Night

Moonlight is dropping onto black grass
The whole world is listening to
The crickets' chirping

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The Variations of Women's valor

When occasionally making eye contacts with young girls
That is often that they look away quickly, as they are shy
When making eye contacts with middle-aged women
Most likely that we have to be forced to retreat back.
Always I meet old ladies in their eyes
I am quite sure that they look very glad

This feeling! ah! I have to say
That women grow valor strong by strong
While men accumulate timid as time goes by

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The melancholy spring

The white jasmine is blooming,

Withered was the yellow winter sweet
Time walks in weald,
Is it empty in her heart?

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The breeze is blowing Gently

The wind is blowing up gently
To float the hair of the evening primrose
It is going to dust the clouds off slightly
Making the sunset more brightly glow

The lights afar are flashing vigorously
That's the place of my warm home
The violin is singing pathos long ago
Flowing my deep missing into a stream

The boat in sea is swaying
It is dreaming of a distant sail
The voyage must be the childhood tales
That will be thousands of miles

The night outside your window is getting stronger
It is turning out to be the incense ink
To gather a cluster of grass as pen when I arrived
To write down the words in the bottom of my heart

Making a sweet poem accomplished here
Also by sprinkling with the fragrance of the tuberose
To spread it everywhere in front of your window
To tell you that is my love arriving home

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Might be a God like this

In a hot summer, a little sparrow
She fled into my room
Through the unlatched window

At the moment we saw each other, I found,
She seemed to be instantly surprised
I watched her a while and said: How things go?

She did not understand at all, only doing flap
She was extremely frightened, I think,
Attempting to go back to sky,
But she seemed to forget completely
She was already trapped inside

She looked like me this moment, I was wondering so
I have to think that she should also silently pray:"
Lord! Let me go! "

I got up and opened all doors and also
The windows
She instantly fulfilled her expectation
Left no sorrows

So I have acted as a God like this,
That I have been looking for long time ago

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Home

The sound of footsteps on the street
Like the surging river
The crowds are the water

The noisy voices heard like wind
Is anyone really clear what they meant?

The turmoil are roaring around the world
Should we live also in the swirled?

Think about it!
When we are so quietly parking in
Our little harbor
To me, to you, do all of them really matter?

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To Robert Burns

I was thinking how he would live in a farmhouse like this!
Where was the plough? And where was the stable?
Where was the desk for writing poetry?

In the wooden door? Or next to the window?
When did the mouse come out?
Would it be in the shadow of the oil lamp reading the poetry?
Or going to the yard to see roses?

Where was the rose?
Could her red be seen in the moonlight?
How much of the moonlight awakened the louse?
Did it bite? His back? Or his head?
At that time, was he writing a poem?
Writing what?
Man's man for A a that
Or Tam O Shanter?

What aroused his tender feelings like water?
Was the battle of Sherramuir?
Or Ae Fond Kiss?
How did he sing?
The Auld Lang Syne?!

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Please gently walk into the night

Please put the uneasiness and regret aside
Gently walk into the night
Let all the light illuminated to be written in moonlight

Even the beauty is still tangled, and the filthy is still around
Since the day has faded away, then let's put all them aside
Gently walk into the night

Everyone has to be brave to accept
That the truth is that life is an one-way trip,
We are always onboard, and the scenery is always outside

So, let the seasons back to the day and tender to the night
Let's put aside all witnessed, the uneasiness, the sorry, and even the joy

Let's take not a bit of sorrow and regret
Gently walk into the night

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How that love is explained

If thou are happy to ignore me
Without a pity on me

Even after all, thou cared not about me...
So, why should I love thee?

I never believed that love is something mysterious
I think that love is simply a reflex

Thy "stimulus" that I love to accept
Thy "feelings" that I always expect

Thou smooth me tension and cultivate me with happy,
Thou accept my strengths, and weaknesses.

That we both agreed: Thou are responsible to me,
I am responsible for thee.
So, why don't I love thee?

I never believed that love is something mysterious
I think that love is a kind of "conditional reflex"

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The mysterious Chinese

The Chinese are not physically taller than any foreigners
But their statures are mystically long
The Foreigners link their hearts to mouths using steel pipes
While Chinese do so by fitting coil springs on

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Ode to a Maple Tree

Sweet wind swings white fog
The dew drops away, and turns to be slippery

The leaves of maple trees are as red as fire,
They are shining in Girl eyes

At the beginning of the heart of the clouds
The thin gauze skirts make branches straight
Like long hair flows into a waterfall

As soft as the willow drifts,
Spilling into the horizon light of the river of time
Long live youth! Hooray Long live Youth

I am willing to be the mottled birch trees, to protect you
From the wind and sand
I would like to block the wind and rain for you as well
For I am right in a moment that I fall in love with you

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OOld old Jack

Old old Jack, he is a dog.
He has been unable to make call sound, only OO O...
He sleeps all day, does not want to walk around
He is really too old. An old big dog!

OOld old Jack, he is a dog.
He is really too old, always OO... O...
The person taking care of him is an old widow,
She attends Old Jack very carefully, give him water and meat
Jack is really too old, has already no teeth
Drinking only by licking, only licking gruel...
This way is still alive, let a person really uncomfortable.
OOld old Jack, you old big dog!

The maid to old Jack named Zoe
I have smiled and said to her, let Jack go.
Zoe said to me seriously, can not let Jack go
As old Jack is her dead husband's most loyal friend!

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The Pond

In pond
A dragonfly is teaching small fishes surfing
On the bank
My thought is attempting to
Knit a net
To catch them

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On Fate

Fate looks like a self-willed woman
She always gently come to you
She clings to your shoulder when you are depressed
While remaining silent once smug with you!

She always be there with you
Never abandon to follow

She may like an ordinary countryside flower,
And could also be an elegant gentle girl
She always love to set the rhythm to your life
Made you choose either pain or happiness unable

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My Life

1.Onboard

Warming up, the weather
In middle spring
Grass dancing and larks singing
...
Lilacs white, purple and mottle
are walking on road

2. Going Home

Road is really long
Coach moves too slow

The homing heart feels like
Either a flying goose
or a flying arrow

3. Fly a kite

My busy shadows chained
Langfang, Baoding and Beijing
up into a triangle
God saw and said :
That looked like a kite
The rope was the
Long thinking of
Held in Mr Sydney's hand

Note: My home is in Sydney while I am working in three cities in northern China

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